

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

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"The Man on the Box,"
"Hearts and Masks," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barschelt, tells how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Doppelkinn, an old widower. Warrington does not know the princess even by sight. While horseback riding in the country night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds two women and an old man servant. One woman is Princess Hildegarde and the other a friend, Hon. Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to witness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose of foiling the grand duke. Steinbock attempts to kiss the princess and she is rescued by Warrington. Steinbock disappears for good. Max Scharfstein, an old American friend of Warrington's reaches Barschelt. Warrington tells him of the princess. Scharfstein shows Warrington a locket with a picture of a woman inside. It was on his neck when he, as a boy, was picked up and adopted by his foster father, whose name he was given. He believes it to be a picture of his mother.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"You poor old Dutchman, you! You can buy a genealogy with your income. And a woman nowadays marries the man, the man. It's only horses, dogs and cattle that we buy for their pedigrees. Come; you ought to have a strawberry mark on your arm." I suggested lightly; for there were times when Max brooded over the mystery which enveloped his birth. In reply he rolled up his sleeve and bared a mighty arm. Where the vaccination scar usually is I saw a red patch, like a burn. I leaned over and examined it. It was a four-pointed scar, with a perfect circle around it. Somehow, it seemed to me that this was not the first time I had seen this peculiar mark. I did not recollect ever seeing it on Max's arm. Where had I seen it, then?

"It's a curious scar. Hang me, but I've seen the device somewhere before!"

"You have?"—eagerly. "Where, where?"

"I don't know; possibly I saw it on your arm in the old days."

He sank back in his chair. Silence, during which the smoke thickened and the pup whined softly in his sleep. Out upon the night the cathedral bell boomed the third hour of morning.

"If you don't mind, Artie," said Max, yawning, "I'll turn in. I've been traveling for the past fortnight."

"Take a ride on Dandy in the morning. He'll hold your weight nicely. I can't go with you, as I've a lame ankle."

"I'll be in the saddle at dawn. All I need is a couple of hours between sheets."

CHAPTER V.

That same evening the grand duke's valet knocked on the door leading into the princess' apartments, and when the door opened he gravely announced that his serene highness desired to speak to the Princess Hildegarde. It was a command. For some reason, known best to herself, the princess chose to obey it.

"Say that I shall be there presently," she said, dismissing the valet.

As she entered her uncle's study—so called because of its dust-laden bookshelves, though the duke sometimes disturbed their contents to steady the leg of an unbalanced chair or table—he laid down his pipe and dismissed his small company of card players.

"I did not expect to see you so soon," he began. "A woman's curiosity sometimes has its value. It takes little to arouse it, but a great deal to allay it."

"You have not summoned me to make smart speeches, simply because I have been educated up to them?"—traculently.

"No. I have not summoned you to talk smart, a word much in evidence in Barschelt since your return from England. For once I am going to use a woman's prerogative. I have changed my mind."

The Princess Hildegarde trembled with delight. She could put but one meaning to his words.

"The marriage will not take place next month."

"Uncle!"—rapturously.

"Wait a moment,"—grimly. "It shall take place next week."

"I warn you not to force me to the altar," cried the girl, trembling this time with a cold fury.

"My child, you are too young in spirit and too old in mind to be allowed a gateless pasture. In harness you will do very well." He took up his pipe and primed it. It was rather embarrassing to look the girl in the eye. "You shall wed Doppelkinn next week."

"You will find it rather embarrassing to drag me to the altar,"—evenly.

"You will not," he replied, "create a

scandal of such magnitude. You are untamable, but you are proud."

When these two talked without apparent heat it was with unalterable fixedness of purpose. They were of a common race. The duke was determined that she should wed Doppelkinn; she was equally determined that she should not. The gentleman with the algebraic bump may figure this out to suit himself.

"Have you no pity?"

"My reason overshadows it. You do not suppose that I take any especial pleasure in forcing you? But you leave me no other method."

"You loved my aunt once,"—a broken note in her voice.

"I love her still,"—not unkindly; "but I must have peace in the house. Observe what you have so far accomplished in the matter of creating turmoil." The duke took up a paper.

"My sins?"—contemptuously.

"Let us call them your transgressions. Listen. You have ridden a horse as a man rides it; you have ridden bicycles in public streets; you have stolen away to a masked ball; you ran away from school in Paris and visited heaven knows whom; you have bribed sentries to let you in when you were out late; you have thrust aside the laws as if they meant nothing; you have trifled with the state papers and caused the body politic to break up a meeting as a consequence of the laughter."

The girl, as she recollected this day to which he referred, laughed long and joyously. He waited patiently till she had done, and I am not sure that his mouth did not twist under his beard.

"Foreign education is the cause of all this," he said finally. "Those cursed French and English schools have

"Poor, foolish child! What a terrible thing this might have turned out to be!"

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? Do you suppose anything like this could take place without my hearing of it? And such a dishonest, unscrupulous rascal! Some day I shall thank the American consul personally for his part in the affair. I was waiting to see when you would produce this. You virtually placed your honor and reputation, which I know to be above reproach, into the keeping of a man who would sell his soul for a thousand crowns."

The girl felt her knees give way, and she sat down. Tears slowly welled up in her eyes and overflowed, blurring everything.

The duke got up and went over to his desk, rummaging among the papers. He returned to the girl with a letter.

"Read that, and learn the treachery of the man you trusted."

The letter was written by Steinbock. In it he disclosed all. It was a venomous, insulting letter. The girl crushed it in her hand.

"Is he dead?" she asked, all the bitterness in her heart surging to her lips.

"To Barschelt,"—briefly. "Now, what shall I do with this?"—tapping the bogus certificate.

"Give it to me," said the girl wearily. She ripped it into halves, into quarters, into infinitesimal squares, and tossed them into the waste-basket.

"I am the unhappiest girl in the world."

"I am sorry," replied the grand duke. "It isn't as if I had forged Doppelkinn on you without first letting you have your choice. You have rejected the



"Is He Dead?" She Asked.

ruined you. And I was fool enough to send you to them. This is the end."

"Or the beginning,"—rebelliously.

"Doppelkinn is mild and kind."

"Mild and kind! One would think that you were marrying me to a horse! Well, I shall not enter the cathedral."

"How will you avoid it?"—calmly.

"I shall find a way; wait and see."

She was determined.

"I shall wait." Then, with a sudden softening, for he loved the girl after his fashion: "I am growing old, my child. If I should die, what would become of you? I have no son; your Uncle Franz, who is but a year or two younger than I am, would reign, and he would not tolerate your madcap ways. You must marry at once. I love you in spite of your willfulness. But you have shown yourself incapable of loving. Doppelkinn is wealthy. You shall marry him."

"I will run away, uncle,"—decidedly.

"I have notified the frontiers,"—tranquilly. "From now on you will be watched. It is the inevitable, my child, and even I have to bow to that."

She touched the paper in her bosom, but paused.

"Moreover, I have decided," went on the duke, "to send the Honorable Betty Moore back to England."

"Betty?"

"Yes. She is a charming young person, but she is altogether too sympathetic. She abets you in all you do. Her English independence does not conform with my ideas. After the wedding I shall notify her father."

"Everything, everything! My friends, my liberty, the right God gives to every woman—to love whom she will! And you, my uncle, rob me of these things! What if I should tell you that marriage with me is now impossible?"—her lips growing thin.

"I should not be very much surprised."

"Please look at this, then, and you will understand why I can not marry Doppelkinn." She thrust the bogus certificate into his hands.

The duke read it carefully, not a muscle in his face disturbed. Finally he looked up with a terrifying smile.

princes of a dozen wealthy countries. We are not as the common people; we can not marry where we will. I shall announce that the marriage will take place next week."

"Do not send my friend away," she pleaded, apparently tamed.

"I will promise to give the matter thought. Good night."

She turned away without a word and left him. When he roared at her she knew by experience that he was harmless; but this quiet determination meant the exclusion of any further argument. There was no escape unless she ran away. She wept on her pillow that night, not so much at the thought of wedding Doppelkinn as at the fact that Prince Charming had evidently missed the last train and was never coming to wake her up, or, if he did come, it would be when it was too late. How many times had she conjured him up, as she rode in the fresh fairness of the mornings! How many he was and how his voice thrilled her! Her horse was suddenly to run away, he was to rescue her, and then demand her hand in marriage as a fitting reward. Sometimes he had black hair and eyes, but more often he was big and tall, with yellow hair and the blue eyes in all the world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Animals Fight in Shack.

From Bristol's woods, in Southern Prospect, a village near Waterbury, Conn., a wildcat pursued a big deer until from exhaustion it fell through the roof of the side hill hen shack of Edison Black. Guinea fowls set up a great commotion, and with the deer's desperate struggles for liberty, cooped up in a shack 15x12, with nearly 80 fowls, there was such a racket that a trusty watchdog awoke Black. He went to the henhouse to find 32 fowls trampled to death, every pane of glass and all the roosts broken and the deer dying of a broken neck. Its flanks were lacerated from the claws of the wildcat, tracks of which were in the coop, where it remained until frightened away by the approach of Black.

NEWS OF MISSOURI

Sunday Workers Listed.

Kansas City—The grand jury will be asked by Judge William H. Wallace to indict several hundred persons reported by the police as having violated the state law forbidding Sunday labor. The list presented contains the names of all members of the 16 theatrical companies appearing in the local playhouses, as well as the employees at all the theaters.

Want Damages for Dog's Death.

Springfield—A suit to recover \$300 damages for the death of a foxhound is tried for the second time in the Green county circuit court. The suit was brought by James Blades against Thomas Phillips. Phillips shot Blades' hound while it was chasing his sheep. The costs already amount to more than \$500.

Girl's Death Kills Mother.

St. Joseph—A special to the News-Press says: "When Mrs. Jonathan Culp at Oregon, Mo., received a telephone message saying her daughter, Mrs. Silas Allen, had been killed by a shock from an electric light wire she dropped dead. Mother and daughter were buried in the same grave."

Eldon (Mo.) Lawyer Fined.

Jefferson City—William M. Lumpkin, an aged lawyer and wealthy citizen of Eldon, was fined \$100 by Judge Lewis of the federal court for sending an obscene letter through the mail. Lumpkin started a reform movement and wrote a letter to a woman which caused him trouble.

Governor Has Exciting Experience.

Jefferson City—While riding in the auto of Ed Austin along a county road, Governor Folk was thrown head first into a mudbank, when the driver put on extra speed. No one was seriously hurt, but the auto landed in an embankment, and the gubernatorial party walked home.

Banker Hockaday Dead.

Columbia—I. O. Hockaday, Sr., died at his home here of heart failure. He was one of the best known bankers in Missouri, having for years been cashier of the Boone County National bank of this place. He resigned this position about two years ago. He was a native of Fulton.

Girl Chooses Vocation of Criminal.

St. Joseph—Faye Cuthbert, aged 16, whose home is in Burlington, Ia., was freed from the county jail, after serving a sentence for burglary and larceny, and announced that she would engage in the life of a criminal because she was born that way and could not help it.

"Dutiful Daughter" Gets \$5,000.

St. Louis—Before departing on her wedding trip, Mrs. John F. Wilsdon was handed a check for \$5,000 by her father, William Hinderhan, a farmer living near Alton, with the remark: "There is a little wedding present for you, because you always were a dutiful girl."

Fair Exchange a Robbery.

St. Louis—A burglar who robbed the home of Gilbert Leazy, 3952 Missouri avenue, took most of Mr. Leazy's jewelry, but left behind in exchange a gold signet ring with the letter "B" raised in black. Among the articles taken was a signet ring lettered "G."

Broke Jail in Poplar Bluff.

Poplar Bluff—Five prisoners in the city jail here bent the steel door leading from the bullpen and escaped. Their united strength forced an aperture above the lock sufficient to permit each to squeeze through. Three others declined to leave.

First Trust Hearing Nov. 4.

Jefferson City—Judge George F. Longan of Sedalia, special commissioner in the insurance trust inquiry, will hold his first hearing in the matter of determining whether or not such a trust is doing business in Missouri on November 4.

Woman Burns to Death.

Lexington—Miss Mary Garvin, aged 75, an eccentric old woman who had lived alone in a cottage on the farm of Arch Williams, near this city, for the past ten years, was burned to death.

German Epworth League Meets.

St. Joseph—The national convention of the German Epworth League was held here. Dr. F. Munz of Cincinnati, president of the league, presided. Five hundred delegates were in attendance.

River Pirates Rob Launches.

St. Louis—River pirates, who are making a practice of dismantling steam and gasoline launches moored along the river front, are being sought by the police.

Another Missouri County "Dry."

Bolivar—Polk county voted for prohibition, 2,045 to 633, every precinct in the county giving a majority against liquor. The county has only one saloon, at Bolivar, the county seat.

Marshal Kills Tramp at Pacific.

Pacific—City Marshal Seal shot and killed an unidentified tramp on the streets here. The man was between 50 and 60 years of age and was robust and powerful.

PSYCHOLOGICAL IS JUST DEAR.

But It Enriches the Vocabulary of the Matinee.

"A good many persons," remarked the man of highbrow proclivities, "are no longer content to use such old phrases as 'simply splendid' or 'perfectly lovely' in expressing their admiration of a new book or play. These persons have dipped into the articles of professional critics, and to give their own opinions a stamp of learning and authority have taken over some of the critics' choice expressions."

"A new romance with them is no longer 'fine' or 'fascinating,' but is 'individual,' and a new play, which under the old style of speech might have been 'wonderful,' is now pronounced 'psychological,' or in some cases, 'very psychological.'"

"As I was hanging to a strap in an uptown street car the other day I overheard a young woman comparing for the benefit of a companion two plays that are currently in favor on Broadway."

"Yes, I think this one is the better," she concluded, "for it is more emotional and just as psychological." "Oh, to be sure," her companion, also a young woman, returned, "that play is a dear thing."

"I was thus made aware that the second girl had not been educated in the new terminology."—N. Y. Sun.

Their Hair Stood on End.

"What on earth can be the matter with those pneumatic tubes?" inquired the floorwalker of the saleswoman on the second floor of the big department store. "They're stopped up about half the time, and I can't find out what the trouble is. Do you know anything about it?"

"Sure!" answered the saleswoman, readily, and the customer stopped looking at the goods to listen.

"Don't you know," continued the informant, "that the little girls' downstairs is always lettin' their hair blow up the tubes?"

"What!" exclaimed the floorwalker, in amazement.

"Yes; they stick the ends of their braids into the tubes, and the air draws them straight up. They seem to think it's great sport," concluded the salesgirl, smiling.

"Well, that is the greatest thing yet," commented the floorwalker; and, meditating upon the inventive genius of cashgirls, he hurried downstairs to put a ruthless end to the fascinating game.

Hair-Cutting Question in Korea.

Owing to the intense dislike felt by many Koreans at having to cut their hair a number of men have fled from Seoul to the country to escape the edict of the emperor.

The newly-appointed imperial barber seems to have floated into the sea of affluence, for it is said on very good authority that his majesty has ordered the payment to him of 300 yen. If this is correct we now understand the raison d'etre of the white frock coat and black silk hat that have lately flashed upon us and given such exquisite amusement.

It is said that the Koreans who have had their hair cut are having a very bad time in the country. "The moment they're seen by any of the volunteers they are seized and an explanation demanded as to why they cut off the topknot. If they can prove that they are either ex-soldiers or students they are released, but if not they are usually killed."—Korea Daily News.

The Subject Exhausted.

Mr. Highsome was reading the newspaper aloud to his wife. He had begun on the department of "Marine News," when his wife said:

"Skip that, Hugh."

"Why?" he asked. "Aren't you interested in the movements of ocean vessels?"

"Not now. I got enough of their movements when we went across last spring to satisfy my curiosity for the rest of my lifetime."

Then Mr. Highsome turned with alacrity to the sporting page.

THE MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY—Cattle—Choice export and dressed beef steers, \$5.50@6.25; fair to good, \$4.25@5.25; western steers, \$3.75@4.60; stockers and feeders, \$2.75@4.75; southern steers, \$2.75@3.80; southern cows, \$2@2.60; native cows, \$1.75@3.35; native heifers, \$2.40@4.25; bulls, \$2.25@3.25; native cows, \$2.75@5.50. Hogs—Heavy, \$5.40@5.60; packers, \$5.50@5.70; pigs and light, \$4.75@5.75. Sheep—Lambs, \$5.50@6.65; ewes and yearlings, \$4.75@5.50; western yearlings, \$5@5.50; western sheep, \$4.50@5.25; stockers and feeders, \$3.50@5.75.

CHICAGO—Cattle—Steers, \$5@7; cows, \$2.65@4.50; heifers, \$2.50@5; bulls, \$2.60@5; calves, \$3@7.75; stockers and feeders, \$2.40@4.85. Hogs—Choice heavy shipping, \$6.10@6.20; light butchers, \$6.10@6.25; light mixed, \$5.90@6.10; choice light, \$6.05@6.10; choice light, \$6.05@6.25; packing, \$5.35@5.85; pigs, \$4.25@5.75. Sheep—Yearlings, \$5.25@5.75; lambs, \$5.75@7; sheep, \$2@6.25.

ST. LOUIS—Cattle—Native shipping and export steers, \$5.80@7; dressed beef and butcher steers, \$5@6; steers under 1,000 lbs., \$3.60@4.25; stockers and feeders, \$3.50@4.25; cows and heifers, \$2.60@5.50; canners, \$1.50@2.15; bulls, \$2.50@4.75; calves, \$2.60@6.75; Texas and Indian steers, \$2.60@5; cows and heifers, \$1.50@3.75. Hogs—Pigs and lights, \$5.25@6; packers, \$5.25@5.95; butchers and best heavy, \$5.60@6.05.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 3, 1927
Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Joshua 20:1-9. Memory verses 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"My refuge is in God."—Psalms 62:7.

TIME.—The latter part of Joshua's life. It is uncertain how long he lived. Josephus says that his administration lasted 25 years.

PLACE.—The administration capital seems to have been transferred from the military headquarters at Gilgal to the religious center at Shiloh, a town ten miles north northeast of Bethel. (Josh. 18:1; 19:5; 21:2.)

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

In order to understand the ordinances concerning the Cities of Refuge, which are referred to in four of the first six books of the Bible, it is necessary to realize two great facts.

First. That there are some crimes that must be removed if a nation would exist and prosper. Such are treason, which strikes at the life of the nation, and murder, which strikes at the existence of the family as well as the individual. Breaking the sixth commandment wrongs not merely the individual. It is a threefold crime: 1. Against the individual. It takes away his most precious possession; everything so far as this world is concerned.

2. Against the family and the nation, for it takes away a member, often the support, of the family, and one of the essential members and defenders of the nation.

3. Against God, the giver of life.

Hence the severest punishment possible is meted out to whoever perpetrates this crime, and ought to be, in order to prevent as many as possible from committing the crime. No other punishment is adequate. We pity the murderer for his suffering. We ought to have still more pity for the innocent victims. Murder would be almost entirely expiated from the list of crimes if every wilful murderer was immediately punished.

Second. In the early days when nations were small and weak, when there were multitudes of small semi-independent tribes, there was no general government to enforce the law and exact justice when the men of one tribe committed a crime against another. Hence there grew up the custom of blood revenge, according to which the tribes, or the relatives of the murdered person, were compelled themselves to punish the murderer, who was naturally, in most cases, the member of another tribe. There was no one else to do it. It was very much like lynch law, where the people feel the need of punishment for safety's sake, and fear the delays of the usual processes of criminal law. "With the advance of civilization and the gradual evolution of the state, the duty of safeguarding the rights of the community passes to the state."

The Cities of Refuge and Their Courts. Vs. 1-9. There was a scheme for overcoming the dangers of blood revenge, and dealing out exact and merciful justice to all, and saving the innocent, or partially innocent, from indiscriminate injustice.

First. A Just Discrimination.—Vs. 1-3. V. 2. "Appoint out for you, R. V., 'Assign you the' 'cities of refuge,' the law for which had been given through Moses, but which could not be selected till the Israelites had settled down in their new home. See Num. 35: 9-34; Deut. 19:1-3, where may be found a more detailed account.

Second. The Right of Asylum.—Vs. 4, 7, 8. The necessity for some inviolable place of refuge has been recognized in the lawless ages of the past. These refuges have usually been religious places, as groves, altars, and temples. These have been the safest, because to attack them was to defy the gods to whom they were dedicated, and to array against the invaders the unseen forces supposed to be at their command.

Third. The Preliminary, or Grand Jury Trial. V. 4. "Shall stand at the entering of the gate of the city," i. e., not outside of the gate of the city, but in the forum, or public square, which was near the city gates, and used as a place for public meetings and trials (comp. Ruth 4:1, 2).

Fourth. The Right to a Regular Trial before a Competent Court.—Vs. 5, 6, 9. 5. If the avenger of the blood pursue after him, as it was his duty to do if he believed the man to be a murderer, they shall not deliver the slayer up into his hand, because on the face of it he smote his neighbor unwittingly, and should have a fair trial before the avenger of blood could punish him.

Sixth. The Punishment of the less Guilty. All this did not save the guilty from just punishment (Num. 35: 16-21). There was no opportunity for the Cities of Refuge to become hotbeds of crime and breeders of criminals. Unpunished crime is, equally with injustice, the means of increasing crime and the danger that threatens our country.

Christ is the City of Refuge.

"It is not the church, it is not the altar; it is Christ himself who is the one and only sacrifice for sin, and therefore the one and only hiding-place to which the sinner can repair."

Such a refuge is provided as will meet the case of sinners of every class, not excepting the wilful murderer himself, if he repents, and that refuge is the everlasting love of God revealed in Jesus